

Own It by orphan_account

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Summary:

A little something of Max coming to terms with her sexuality

Own It

For years Max had heard a lot of insults thrown her way, some words she didn't even know, and some she didn't thought were even supposed to be insults, but the one who stuck with her the most was the one she was trying so hard to ignore.

It was something Billy used to call her too, and it wasn't the word what hurt her the most, it was the fact that deep down she knew all those people were right but she didn't want them to be right, because then they would win, and she couldn't let them win.

She tried to change it, to change what she felt and who she liked.

When she lived in California, she saw them, saw the people who were proud of who they were, the people who weren't trying to hide who they loved, even if days later she would see them again, a bruise on their eye or sometimes she didn't even saw them again.

She wanted to be brave like that, to not hide it- but she wasn't brave enough for that, no- she was brave enough to fight a demon from another dimension, to drive a car even though she still couldn't reach the breaks, brave enough to stand up to her brother. But still, not brave enough to acknowledge her love.

The first time Max realised who she liked, it was in first grade when a girl took her hand to lead her to the classroom, that girl was her only friend, and it made Max's stomach feel like there were a thousand butterflies just messing around in there, pushing every part of her body until she was kinda shaking and her hand felt like it was on fire.

She didn't talk to that girl again.

Max doesn't really talk to girls unless it's necessary, her only friends are boys, because boys don't make her feel like she's on top of the

world, they don't make her feel like she could just admire them forever, loving the shine of their eyes when they talk about something they love, or how their hair flows with the wind or how their pink lips looks so soft and she's sure they taste like cherry

and boys didn't make her want to learn to draw so she could capture every little detail of their faces, their hair and their eyes.

Because boys don't make her heart race if they stand to close, and boys don't leave her skin on fire when they touch her.

But she has to pretend; so she pretends. She acts like Dustin and Lucas' attention makes her feel wanted, when it just makes her feel wrong , she acts like Lucas' hand on hers makes her skin feel on fire, and she acts like Lucas' lips on hers leave a burning sensation of love and happiness, when it's just the burning sensation of knowing that it would never be a girl, that it can't be a girl.

She gets to know Jane better, and Jane doesn't know what that word means- in fact, Jane doesn't know what a lot of words mean- and Max doesn't tell her what it means, because there is no need to.

and when Jane grabs her hand and Max's skin feels like it's on fire and a thousand stars lightened up on it, she decides that maybe she should own that word, turn it into something beautiful -like the shine on Jane's eyes when she discovers something new or the triumphant smile she gives Max when she does something right- instead of hurtful and offensive.

So she does that, she owns that word, she doesn't respond to the boys and girls calling her that behind her back or even when they do it to her face, she smiles and doesn't let them win.

t here are times where she doesn't want to own that word, times like when Mike and Jane look at each other like they're the only two people in the room, and it hurts, because she can't love like that, and

it hurts because Jane's never going to look at her like that -and when she looks away and sees Will looking at Mike with the same longing look she has when watching Jane, she tries not to let a sigh of relief-

She breaks up with Lucas one cold evening after getting home from a visit to Jane-where she realised that maybe it was more than a crush what she felt for her- and she cries, not because of the break up (she knows they're still going to be friends) but because she doesn't have to pretend anymore, and yeah maybe she can't really be with the person she wants, but it's a step closer to the freedom she's looking for.

It takes Max another three years to own that word, -three years of not hiding but not quite letting the whole world know. So on her 16th birthday, with all the party members gathered on her bedroom and lazily lying on the floor -and the bed in the case of Jane, because that's something they do now, Jane is the only one of the party allowed to be on Max's bed. It's partly to annoy the boys and partly because Max enjoys the sweet scent of vanilla of Jane's shampoo on her pillow, but it's not like Jane knows that-

She sits and admires them for a moment, looks at each one of them and prays to whatever is above that this won't change anything, that what she's about to confess doesn't change the way they think of her. Because Max is strong, but not strong enough for that.

"Guys, I need to tell you something" she sits upright, legs crossed and hands shaking "I'm a lesbian" she wants to believe that her voice didn't tremble in the last word, and that her eyes aren't glazing over with tears. But she knows she's wrong when Jane leaves the bed to get to her side and put a warm hand on her shoulder that still makes her skin feel like it's burning.

She closes her eyes and waits, waits for them to say something that

will tear her apart, but the only hears a soft,

“Oh” it’s Will, she opens her eyes, and everyone is looking at her, probably not knowing what to say, but the next thing she knows is that Will is wrapping his arms around her and whispering a “I’m proud of you” on her ear.

And suddenly there is another pair of arms around her- Jane

“I’m glad you told us” she says in that sweet soft voice of her, that voice that makes Max let the tears roll down her cheeks and her lips curl up in a wary smile.

When they let go of her, Dustin is the next one to hug her and tell her that it’s okay, that they’re still friends no matter what-because somehow Dustin is always able to see through her, through everyone and their insecurities-

Mike doesn’t hug her, they’ve always been kind of low on the touchy stuff, but he stills smiles at her and tells her that he’s proud of her for being brave and telling them.

“That makes sense” Lucas said, moving closer to her and wrapping an arm around her shoulders, a little smile on his face.

For years Max had heard that word been thrown at her, and for years she tried to change it, to make it her word, but it never felt quite hers until she said it out loud to the most important people in her life.

Author's Note:

this is really shitty but I love Max and I wanted to write something about her sooo, here it is, hope y'all liked it